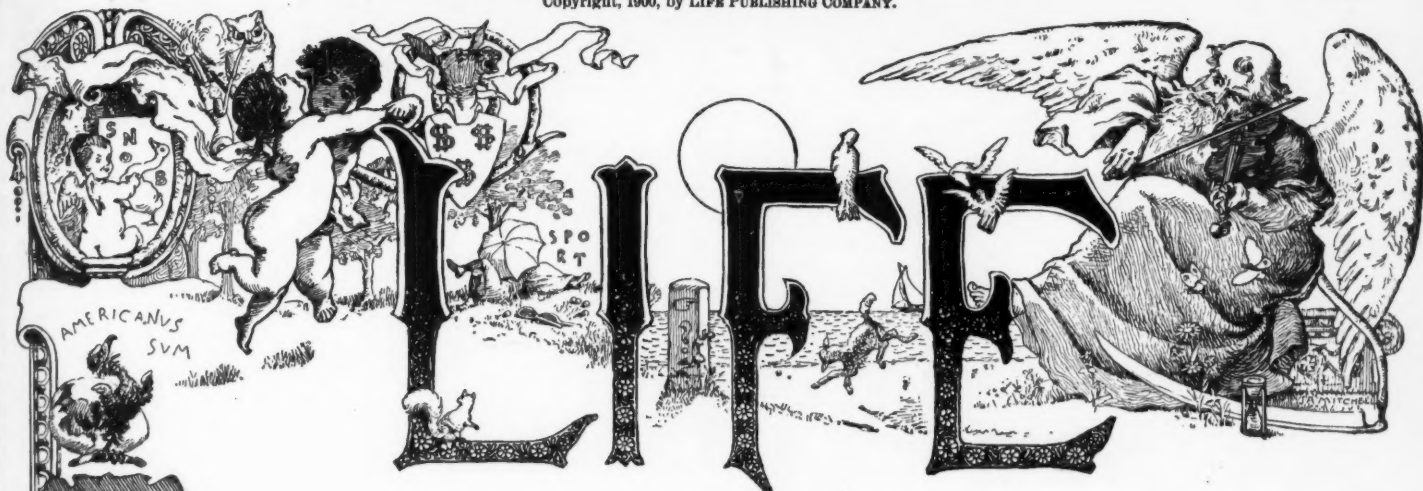


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Both : YOU'RE BOUND TO TAKE ONE OF US, ALL THE SAME.



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# •LIFE•

## Love and Time.

LOVE stole Time's hour-glass one day  
(It happened he was out of hearts),  
And set it up beside the way  
To be a target for his darts.



At length but one of all his quiver  
Remained (some glanced and some fell  
wide).  
He shot the last—Time saw it shiver  
His glass. "What have you done?" he  
cried.

In vain Love pieced the broken parts.  
The sand would not run true, alas!  
Cried Time: "Confound you and your  
darts,  
Now I must get another glass."



So ever since, to mark his shooting,  
Love kept the glass that Time refused.  
And lovers ever since computing,  
The hours with minutes have confused.

Oliver Herford.



## True to the Last.

"THE time has come for me to speak," he said, going over to the mantel piece, and leaning his head abstractedly against the cold, hard brick. "My dear, before we are married, and while there is yet time to pause, my conscience bids me tell you the truth about myself. I have deceived you. I am not the noble-hearted, unselfish, refined, and altogether desirable man you have been led to believe. I have deceived you even about my age. Not only am I forty instead of thirty-four, but I am a widower. I stay out nights when I feel like it. I smoke all over the house, am a crank about my meals, find fault all the time,

hector the servants, never go anywhere to oblige anyone else, drink more than I ought to, swear regularly, and, in fact, am a vulgar, disagreeable, hidebound, gruff, inhospitable, irritable, inconsiderate, insufferable nuisance."

"Tell me," said the fair creature he addressed, repressing with a conscious look of pride an inward shudder, "you own the house and grounds that you showed me, don't you?"

"I do"

"And the beautiful government bonds you asked me to look at, the five hundred shares of D. A. B., the two hundred X. Y. Z., the four hundred U. P. W. debentures, and four acres in the heart

of the Manhattan shopping district are all yours, aren't they?"

"They are, dearest."

"Then," said the undismayed and still radiant creature by his side, "my darling, with all your faults I love you still."

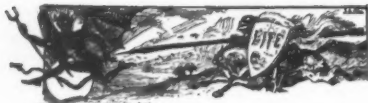
T. M.

## A Far-Sighted Citizen.

DICKY: Is a diplomat a politician who knows what to do, Uncle Christopher?

UNCLE CHRISTOPHER: No — no — Dicky; a diplomat is a politician who knows what he intends to do after other politicians have done what his first move was intended to make them do.





"While There is Life there's Hope."  
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ONE reason for our being in this world is to accumulate experience, and we must not scoff at Admiral George Dewey if he is inclined to harvest his full share while it is to be had. There is nothing outrageous about his notion that being President is not so difficult a job as it is cracked up to be, and that he feels equal to undertaking it if the people want him. Any American whom the American people want for President ought to serve, even if it costs him something to do so. It would cost

Cousin George a good deal. He would lose some sleep, and life in the White House would be almost sure to prejudice, in some measure, the action of his liver. He would also have to give up the rank and pay of Admiral, though, of course, except as to the details of drawing pay and giving the word of command, he will be Admiral Dewey as long as he lives. Already, by merely expressing his willingness to be the people's choice, he has incurred the displeasure of the two large groups of his countrymen who favor, respectively, the Presidential pretensions of Major McKinley and Colonel Bryan. But one cannot make an omelet without breaking some eggs, and the Presidency is an omelet of size enough to warrant a considerable preliminary crash of egg-shells. Altogether his candidacy is an interesting sporting proposition, which can't do any harm except possibly a little to himself, and which

has in it considerable possibilities of good.

Cousin George has set a good example. Until he spoke the Presidential campaign was hanging fire, with no candidates entered except the Major and Colonel Bryan, to both of whom strong elements in both parties object. These two gentlemen have long been advantageously anchored inside the harbor, and all other possible candidates have been invited to believe that there were torpedoes in the channel ready to wreck all intruders. The Admiral, as is well known, doesn't mind supposititious obstacles of that sort. He has come hustling in when he wasn't expected, and has demonstrated at least that the channel is not impassable. Let us hope that his example may be catching, and that other candidates, who feel within them the possibilities of Presidential usefulness, may make known their willingness to serve. We are entitled to choose our next President out of two groups of good men. We should not be restricted to two individuals. Mr. Olney ought to run; Mr. Reed ought to be considered, and Mr. Root and others. The Admiral has done what he could to encourage good men to come forward.



ADMIRAL DEWEY has some warrant for his impression that being President is not so very hard. Where the chief element of difficulty comes in is in so administering the office as to keep it in the family. That causes almost all Presidents a prodigious amount of pains and trouble. They always want either to be re-elected themselves or to name their successor, and that complicates things. It is not the country that is so preposterously hard to look out for, but the organization. The great complaint about Mr. Cleveland was that he paid too little attention to the preservation of his party; the great complaint about Mr. McKinley has been that he is too solicitous to identify his fortunes with the self-interest of his managers and backers. A President who would confine himself to government and let politics alone would have a comparatively easy time, but it is fair to say that that is something which no President since Washington has been able to do.



IT has been gratifying to observe the manly and straightforward manner in which the late George Smith, of New York, London and Chicago, has paid the death duties on his estate. During his lifetime Mr. Smith got together a vast lot of money, which doubtless afforded him a good deal of contemplative enjoyment. That, however, was the only fun he ever tried to have with it, as he lived very simply and avoided society. When he had finished with his accumulations, he put them down in plain sight, leaving his nephew and principal heir to get what the law would leave him. At present the British Government has already taken a million pounds, and the State of New York two million dollars, while the United States Government hopes to collect about five million dollars. There was no reason why very large inheritance taxes should not have been paid by Mr. Smith's estate. Still it seems surprising and very contrary to precedent that he should have made no effort to avoid the claims of either the British or the American Government. What is to be regretted is that so large a portion of his savings should have gone to pay the costs of wars. His estate contributes five million dollars to fight the Boers, and as much more, apparently, towards the cost of Americanizing the Philippines, neither of which jobs commends itself very heartily to thrifty men as a good investment for savings.



IT is a bit of good luck for all the world that the poor creature who fired a pistol at the Prince of Wales did not aim straighter. The Prince has, practically, no enemies, and the only reason why even the craziest fanatic should shoot at him is that any serious mischance that might befall him would disturb society extremely and make England a very gloomy place. The Prince of Wales is proficient at his trade and fills a high place very much to the admiration of observers. Good luck and long life to him.



**April.**

AND THIS IS APRIL!  
WITH HER FICKLE CHARM AND JOYOUS  
YOUTH.  
TO-DAY SHE POUTS AND CLOUDS HER  
BROW WITH TEARFUL GRIEVANCE.  
WAIT! SEE HOW IT CLEARS AWAY AND  
HER SWEET FACE,  
ALL SMILES AND LAUGHTER, AS SHE  
SHAKES THE GOLDEN SUNSHINE FROM  
HER HAIR,  
AND WITH HER EYES, SO BLUE, LOOKS AT  
YOU,  
JUST AS INNOCENT AS IF SHE ALWAYS  
SMILED  
AND NEVER HAD AN UNKIND THOUGHT.  
BUT SHE IS YOUNG—AND YOU MUST PAR-  
DON HER—  
SHE DID NOT MEAN TO BE UNKIND; GOD  
MADE HER AS SHE IS, AND WHO WOULD  
CHANGE HER,  
WITH HER FITFUL WAYS AND BEAUTY  
AND HER BRILLIANT CHARM OF YOUTH!

BUT WITH IT ALL SUCH PROMISE OF THE  
SWEETNESS YET TO COME,  
WHEN SHE SHALL QUIET DOWN INTO THE  
HAPPY MAY,  
HER THOUGHTS ALL PEACEFUL AND HER  
HEART ALL FLOWERS.

M. W. C.

P. S.—AH! WHO WOULD NOT BE APRIL  
ONCE AGAIN!—AND JUST AS GREEN?

**New Arrangement on D.,  
L. & W.**

“SAY, old chap, there'll be no  
more rear-end collisions after  
this—”

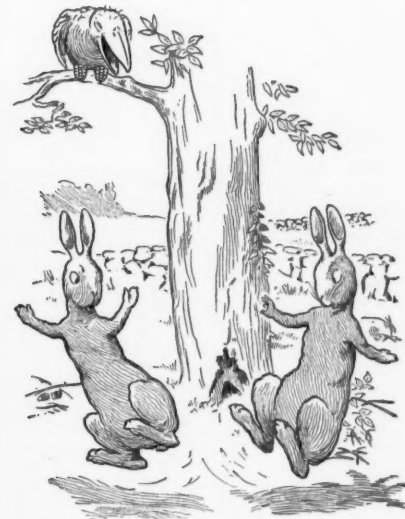
OLD CHAP: Why, you don't say!

“Yes. They're to take off the last  
car on all trains.”



UNCLE SAM'S REPRESENTATIVE IN THE PHILIPPINES.

**CAWS AND EFFECT.**



**As Far as It Went.**

THE SON: Here are some college  
bills I haven't paid, governor.

THE FATHER: But what have you  
done with that last check I sent you?

“Oh, that enabled me to leave town.”

**'Tis a Poor Rule.**

THE PATIENT: Doctor, what's in  
this prescription?

THE DOCTOR (*haughtily*): That's not  
for you to know, sir.

“All right. When you send me a bill,  
make it out in the same way.”

## BOOKSINESS

### Robert Burns as the Villain in a Novel.

THE protest of Edinburgh respectability against the personal life of Robert Burns has been put in a novel, "The Rhymer" (Scribner's), by Allan McAulay. There is no doubt that many of the very people who had lionized the poet, took this hard and lofty attitude toward him after he had exhibited the grosser side of his nature among disreputable cronies in the old city. But it is a difficult and thankless task to revive it, in fiction, after the lapse of a hundred years.

A novel of Scotch life, with Burns as the chief villain in it, is a paradox. It may be as true as a photograph, but it is not Burns. "He has outsoared the shadow of our night." The immortal Burns we know from his poetry—and that is all the Burns we want to know. He has earned the right to be the most loved poet of his nation by the beauty and genius of his songs. That he was a bar-room loafer and a profligate has nothing to do with it now. That was the accidental, the insignificant; the reality is with us imperishably in his works.

Burns drunk was worth a thousand men like the "hero" of this story sober. What a hero! with no spirit of fairness in his make-up. Narrow, suspicious, unemotional, egotistic—he stalks through the pages like the galvanized iron image of a man.

One suspects that the author himself half feels a contempt for him. But Mr. McAulay has shown a great deal of skill in keeping his own sympathies outside the story. He has applied the methods of modern realism to a romantic subject. He has created the atmosphere of the times, and has made *Alison* a heroine of real charm. Burns's own "Clarinda," *Nancy Maclehose*, is also skilfully pictured. In fact the literary workmanship effectively carries out the conception of the characters. But that point of view cannot be made sympathetic.

What a story Stevenson could have made with Burns for a hero! In "A Lodging for the Night" he made that other vagabond poet, Villon, fascinating. With Burns for a hero, he would have inimitably shown the dross, but he would have burned it away before your eyes in the flame of genius. His essay on Burns shows the attitude he would have taken.

\* \* \*

GEORGE MOORE always enjoys himself as an iconoclast. It is easy to call attention to your ideas if you smash something now and then. In the current

*North American Review*, he has plenty of fun with English fiction. Of course he takes a shy at Thackeray. That is so easy! The quality of mind reflected in "Vanity Fair" is, Mr. Moore thinks, "at once trivial and commonplace." Moreover, "*Becky Sharp* is mildly melodramatic. We see her merely as we see a fly buzzing in a glass." Thackeray did not only "reflect the mind of the club; he identified himself with the deadly mind of St. James's Street."

Having finished off Thackeray, Mr. Moore loftily patronizes Dickens. He was "a man of genius," but his genius did not meet with circumstances favorable for its development. As for George Eliot—she "tried to think like a man, and produced admirable counterfeits of his thoughts in wax-work."

The whole trouble, as Mr. Moore sees it, is that the English novel never entirely succeeds in "symbolizing" a great moral idea. Only in that direction lies true immortality—and if you don't believe it study Balzac and Turgeneff!

As for America, the main intention of her fiction is "to distinguish between Americans who have been to Paris and those who have stayed at home." *Droch.*

### New Publications.

*The Rebel.* By H. B. Marriott Watson. New York and London: Harper and Brothers.

*A New Race Diplomatist.* By Jennie Bullard Waterbury. Philadelphia and London: J. B. Lippincott Company.

*Practical Agitation.* By John Jay Chapman. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

*The Boss of Tarcoomba.* By E. W. Hornung. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

*Passengers.* By Myles Hemenway. Boston: Small, Maynard and Company.

*The Story of the Boers.* By C. W. Van der Hoogt. New York and London: Harper and Brothers.

*The Telling of Felix,* and other poems. By Henry Van Dyke. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

*Debts of Honor.* By Maurus Jókai. New York: Doubleday and McClure Company.



"In the Spring a young man's fancy  
Lightly turns to thoughts of love."

### Sartorial Evolution.

MISS GREENERY YALLERY (of Boston): We have our clothes made on scientific principles.

MISS HIGHNOSE (of New York): Ah, yes; the survival of the worst fit.

### A Bachelor Dream and a Marital Awakening.

A RUSTIC rambling cottage,  
Half hid by eglantine;  
A study full of wisdom,  
A cellar full of wine;  
Sweet voices in the nursery,  
My sweetheart at the door  
To welcome my home-coming—  
What could a man wish more!

A bleak house in the suburbs,  
Babes whooping night and day;  
My poor wife looking daggers,  
Because the cook's away;  
The cellar full of water,  
Because the pipes have burst;  
Of all my grim home-comings,  
I'm sure this is the worst!

Adam Dow.



Miss Daisy Fetter: I SUPPOSE WE MUST STOP PLAYING GOLF ON SUNDAYS NOW THAT WE HAVE A CLERGYMAN IN THE CLUB.  
Dick Whittington: OH, NO; THERE IS ROOM FOR ALL.



**The Owl and the Boston Girl.**

**A**N owl and a Boston girl met one day,  
With each in a frame of mind.  
Said the owl, "It's my duty to say you're a beauty,  
But in truth I am not so inclined.

"'Tis true in daylight I cannot see,  
But I know you're plain. Ha! Ha!  
Your learned chatter is proof of this  
matter,  
And convinces me that you are."

"What beauty lacks," said the Boston  
girl,  
"The brain, as you know, supplies;  
And that is the reason, with mind quick  
to seize on,  
Your estimate of me is wise."

Then she walked away with air serene,  
And went straight home to bed,  
Where, her wisdom scorning, she cried till morning  
At what the owl had said.

Tom Masson.

**The American Theatre.**

**T**HE American theatre is a building devoted to exhibitions of filth, folly, froth and frippery, under the direction of Hebrew foxes for the education of Gentile geese. American dramatic art under these conditions is simply a commercial phase of phlebotomy, minus Listerian precautions.

The American theatre is syndicated, the drama sindecayed, the stock of both watered. What is needed is less water in the theatre, and more soap and water in the drama. The syndicate is always Hebrew, with minor Hebrews in the box-office and press agency. The principal features of the rear rank of the chorus are also Hebrew; but relentless custom demands comeliness, or its substitute, in the front rank for Gentile and Philistine.

The American dramatist, under Palestinian rule, is any old thing with a pen, an epidemic, and a box of carpenter's tools.

The company of the American theatre is Gentile and hireling; the syndicate demands face, figure, front, beauty, beef and brass in its artists; brains are not wanted, nor needed. When face and figure have given place to experience, and the remnant front has been supplemented by elocution, the Hebrew helots are ready for Art—that is to say, for Shakespeare, Sheridan and Dumas, with modern reconstruction. It is hard for a syndicate star to come down from Belasco and Fitch to Shakespeare and Sheridan, but necessity, like a boss made magistrate, knows no law.

\* \* \*



**T**HE World, the Flesh and the Devil are the presiding geniuses of the American theatre.

The Theatre of Filth runs to the half-world, the whole devil, and a flesh and blood not worth talking about; it goes in for frippery and lingerie, and is suggestive of easy street, easy morals, wine openers and corks generally. It is patronized by other fellows' wives and deacons in search of shocks. It is denounced by the church, defended by the bribes of Israel, and eschewed by healthy men and women.

The Theatre of Froth is devoted to the drama of society—

A REALISTIC PORTRAIT.



society given over to the three geniuses, World, Flesh and Devil. Its adjuncts are frippery, frolic and functions not frappé; it is more millinery than moral, and remarkable for its latitude rather than its literature.

The Theatre of Folly goes in for flesh and fleshings, beef, brass and beauty, with or without music; it stands on its own legs; gets local color from its press notices, and is naked and unashamed.

\* \* \*



**T**HE tree of the knowledge of good and evil blooms in the American theatre; its fruit is woman, advertised as a peach, and exhibited as the apple of the eye of the Manager with the Nose. By careful oriental pruning its good has been eliminated and its evil made odorous. The art of the sindecayed theatre is scenic and obscenic; its ethics are paretic; its heroines stretch from Utah to Bohemia; its heroes are products of liquor and lewdness; its persiflage is anacreontic; its humor is that rectified by sarsaparilla. The American theatre will touch perfection when some syndicate critic has dramatized a bubonic plague.

This theatre has served one good purpose—it has allayed the fears of navigators and bacteriologists by setting up stations for the disposal of garbage to fat-witted Christians for good money.

The syndicate theatre and its management have done much to wean Americans from their traditional good feeling for the Empire of Russia. Why, with Siberia so handy, the Tsar should turn the enterprising Hebrew towards a friendly and healthy republic has puzzled America and alienated Americans.

Only the success of Zionism, with the return of the chosen people to Palestine, will render possible the restoration of the American theatre and drama to a condition when it will be possible to visit one without disinfectants and view the other without blushing.

Joseph Smith.

**"B**IGHEAD seems to be very well satisfied with his last novel."

"Of course. He is broad-minded enough to appreciate a good thing even when it happens to be his own."



### The Alphabet.

AH, what a stretch of time it takes  
To learn our letters through;  
We start in life with A B C,  
And end with I O U.

### Hydropathy.

"WHY, Frank, what's the matter with you?" I said, with inexcusable bluntness. "I never saw a swamper looking human being in my life. You look absolutely sodden."

"I'm not surprised at that, I guess I must be water-logged," my guest replied, with undiluted good humor, however. "That's partly why I accepted your invitation. You see, I've had to drink a couple of dozen glasses of water every night for the last two or three months."

"The deuce!" I ejaculated. "What is it—a cure?"

"Not exactly," he replied. "It's more preventive than remedial. It's the only way I can keep from breaking my legs."

"Oh, yes. Of course it is," I jeered. I hate to be jollied. "Undoubtedly it saved you from splintering your shin-bones, and crushing your knees to powder, and smashing your thigh-bones to flinders."

"I believe, on my word, it did," he retorted, solemnly. "Say," he continued, taking pity on my obvious curiosity, "you remember Maud Morenstout, don't you?"

"Certainly," I acknowledged. "She's that enormously fat girl, with the—"

"Well," he continued, hastily, "I'm

engaged to her, and she's a little sensitive about her weight, and of course I wouldn't hurt her feelings for anything."

"Oh, I congratulate you," I said, impatiently. "But what's that got to do with water saving your legs?"

"Why, she likes to sit on my lap," he explained, blushing a good deal, "and—and I stand it until it seems as though my legs would crack into a million pieces in another second. Then I ask her if she won't get me a glass of water, and that gives me a minute's rest, you see. Yes," he added, pensively, "I believe I've drank as high as fifty or seventy-five glasses when I've stayed a little late."

Alex. Ricketts.

### More Ornamental than Useful.

DOROTHY: Papa, we girls have a new name for those men who call on us, but never take us out anywhere.

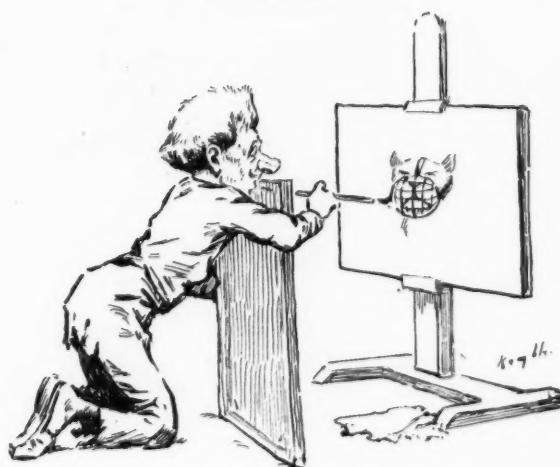
PAPA: What is it, daughter?

"We call them 'fireside companions.'"

### Not His Fault.

LADY (indignantly): That parrot we bought of you hadn't been in the house a day before it began to swear dreadfully!

DEALER: But you insisted, ma'am, on getting one that would be quick to learn!





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MATRIMONY FITS.  
THE WOMAN WHO JOINS A CLUB







### And Now Comes Religion.

**T**HE question of indecency having been properly determined and decided by the courts of law, we will now move along and see to what extent the Christian religion may be used as an attraction by money-making managers. The late P. T. Barnum learned early in his career that many ostensibly good people who thought it sinful to patronize a theatre had no religious scruples about witnessing a theatrical performance in what he called a "lecture room." Alongside of his "lecture room" he maintained a highly moral and uninteresting museum. Many reputedly religious deacons and Sunday-school superintendents flocked to the museum and incidentally had the pleasure of going to the theatre. The late P. T. Barnum was no fool, as the size of the estate he left behind him testified. He had the reputation of being a humbug. Barnum was not so much a humbug—or hypocrite—himself as the people he catered to. His success came largely from the fact that he recognized that the American people is to a great extent made up of hypocrites and the persons who are humbugged by hypocrites. The tremendous success of pseudo-religious plays like "Ben Hur," "The Christian," and "Quo Vadis," comes from the same

hypocritical feeling that made Mr. Barnum's "lecture room" a basis for a large fortune. Thousands of people who would never go to see a well written play, properly performed by good actors, will be led by the teaching and example of their pastors and masters to think that a spectacular show dealing with the shining points of sacred history is an elevating entertainment. They may see scantily clad young women dancing awkwardly and witness the crude performances of cheap or careless actors, but because the entertainment deals with episodes of religious significance they think they are justified in going to the theatre. There is nothing criminal nor intrinsically wrong in the fact that these good people pay their good money to see bad art. It is pitiful, though, to think that the Christian religion which has done so much to strangle worthy effort should be made the means to encourage so much that is bad on the stage. Earnest, sincere ambition to make the theatre a means of true education and culture has always received scant encouragement and support from the class of people who patronize plays that masquerade as religious.

New York just now is suffering from a rivalry of the Christian drama, which is as silly from the business point of view as it is shocking—or should be shocking—to those who have any reverence for the religion they profess to believe.

**A** WISE book-seller, who had "Quo Vadis" on sale, instructed his clerk that should any one come in and ask for a historical study he should recommend "Quo Vadis." If the customer wanted a religious book, he should be offered "Quo Vadis." If a fighting story was needed, "Quo Vadis" was to be brought to the front. As a fighting and historical narrative the book appealed to a certain constituency, but the astute book-seller found that his principal sales were to good Christian people who would not buy a novel that was simply a work of fiction, no matter who the author or how great its merits as a literary production. The astute theatrical manager has taken a leaf from the experience of the book-seller and is appealing to the religious person. The religious person promptly falls into the trap. He—or usually she—goes to see a crudely spectacular performance, into which the actors, knowing the character of their audiences, throw more rant than art. These efforts to catch the nimble dollar are not blameworthy on the part of managers who are striving in their little commercial ways to increase their

bank accounts. To consider the results critically from an artistic point of view would be cruel to actors and readers alike. The dramatic version of "Quo Vadis" shown at the Herald Square Theatre is from the pen of Miss Jeannette Gilder. As a libretto to several sets of gaudy scenery it may be regarded as fairly successful. As a literary work it is not monumental, and it preserves none of the simple impressiveness of Sienkiewicz's story.

Of late we have had the question of indecency on the stage pretty thoroughly thrashed out. The courts and the sensational press have taken good care of that. It is now time for the pulpits and the churches to discuss the question of religion on the stage. When these two things have been properly disposed of we may have an opportunity to get back to a fair consideration of dramatic art as applied to acting and stage literature.



**J**USTICE FURSMAN, who bears the reputation of being a clear-headed jurist and an upright judge, has declared that in the eyes of the law the *Matinée Girl* has no existence. In his charge in the "Sapho" case, he said:

Many of the lines are to a certain extent suggestive. It is not enough that they may offend the modesty of young girls. To constitute a violation of the statute they must be of such a character as to offend the great mass in all positions of society. The law was not made for young girls.

If this is the law, it is well that we should know it. It practically throws our theatres open to any kinds of performances that managers can make money out of. We are all aware what the tendencies of the stage are under the guidance of the speculators who now control its destinies. They are certainly not in the direction of scholarship or decency. The prosecution directed by the yellow journals in the "Sapho" case—a prosecution as silly and insincere as it was sensational—has served to remove one partial safeguard from the stage. This will have to be offset by increased vigilance on the part of fathers and mothers and other protectors of the immature. The whole unclean proceeding will not have been without its uses, if it awakens the guardians of the youth of both sexes to their responsibility with respect of the theatre.

Metcalfe.

### Would Do in His Absence.

**"D**OBLEY has just bought the Century Dictionary for his wife."

"Yes; he said something might come up she'd want to know about sometime when he didn't happen to be at home."

### SPRING.

I don't care for the park in the spring  
When the sod sends up green blades that sting  
And the budding trees shoot  
That is all there is to't.  
Would you care for that sort of thing?



THE PROPHETIC NURSERY RHYME.



MONDAY'S CHILD IS FAIR OF FACE.



TUESDAY'S CHILD IS FULL OF GRACE.



WEDNESDAY'S CHILD IS A CHILD OF WOE.



THURSDAY'S CHILD HAS FAR TO GO.



FRIDAY'S CHILD IS LOVING AND GIVING.



SATURDAY'S CHILD HAS TO WORK FOR HIS LIVING.



AN IMPORTANT QUESTION.

WHICH is the meanest city in the United States?

This is an important question, and one that LIFE would like to have definitely settled. With that object in view, we offer

**A Prize of Fifty Dollars in Gold**

for the best statement of facts which prove that any particular city is the meanest one in this country.

**Conditions.**

Competitors must limit their arguments to three hundred words each.

Write on one side of the paper only.

The contest will close June 1st, 1900, and the award will be made as soon thereafter as the respective merits of the arguments can be determined.

The winning argument will be printed, together with such others as may seem to LIFE worthy of that distinguished honor.

Names and addresses of the writers should accompany all manuscripts. In no case will these be printed without the permission of the sender. Those who desire their manuscripts



BUT THE CHILD THAT IS BORN ON A SABBATH DAY, IS BONNY, AND BLITHE, AND MERRY AND GAY.

returned should enclose a stamped and addressed return envelope.

Each manuscript may bear a pseudonym, which will be printed with the argument.

The Editors of LIFE are to be the sole judges of the merits of the arguments.

**Announcement!**

LIFE is compelled by the multiplicity of manuscripts received to extend the date upon which the Meanest City Competition is closed from May first to June first, as it would be impossible to do justice to all within the time originally intended.

**CINCINNATI.**

It is hardly right to mention Cincinnati in polite society, but something must be said to uphold her reputation as the meanest city in this country, when it is tried to wrest it from her. The town can be seen on sunny days in detail, but usually it is necessary to steer by compass. The dense fogs of Cincinnati cut off those of London, and in one of these fogs a brick dropped from the seventh story of a building will float blocks before it strikes the ground. The happiest day in the history of Cincinnati, said an old citizen,



was when the fog froze over, and the town was out skating from Walnut Hill to the Kentucky shore.

One has to roll up his trousers to take a drink of the water in Cincinnati, and from the effects of trying to filter the Ohio there is a large "Kop" now where the reservoir used to be. The intense heat of the summers and the wretched cold winters cause such contraction and expansion of real estate that it is unwise to take for granted that the buildings are within their proper lines. The greatest expense in building is the enormous amount expended for labor in removing advertisement signs from the vacant lots.

Cincinnati is owned by Germany, Austria and Scandinavia, but at present Kentucky has an eye on it for a coaling station.

Strangers visiting Cincinnati are warned not to attempt walking on the Ohio—although it looks safe enough, and hardly distinguishable from the firm soil, it is dangerous without the use of snowshoes.

#### NEW YORK.

The adjective mean comprehends such a wide variety of cussedness that to be entitled to wear the crown as the "meanest city" in the United States "a city must establish its possession of a vast and variegated supply.

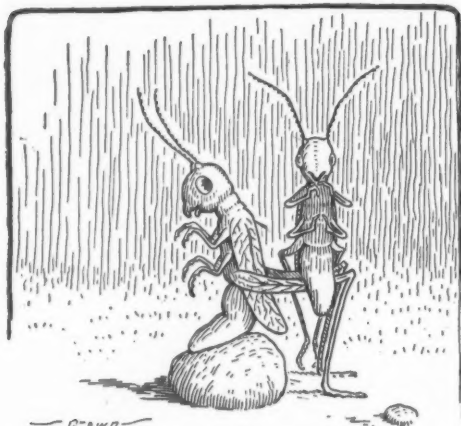
Other cities may each revel in some special brand, but for all-around, all-comprising, pure, unadulterated, all-wool-and-a-yard-wide meanness, New York is it.

For instance, other cities have bosses, New York has Croker; other cities have politicians, New York has Platt; other cities have corruption, New York has its police force; other cities have reformers, New York has Anthony Comstock; other cities have yellow journals, New York has the *World* and *Journal*; other cities have venal theatres, New York has the Theatre Syndicate; other cities have snobs, New York has its "Four Hundred"; other cities have hovels, New York has tenements; other cities have climate, New York has weather; other cities have hotels, New York has the Waldorf-Astoria; other cities have political rings, New York has Tammany; other cities—

But why continue? For every kind of meanness developed by any other city, New York fosters an equivalent, usually a superlative; and if all the other cities bunched their little local meannesses, that bunch, compared with New York's, would look like fifteen cents' worth of asparagus beside a bundle of Roman fasces.

#### SOMERVILLE.

The meanest city in the spheres is Somerville, Mass. Geographically it is a suburb of Boston; socially, of the Desert of Sahara; theologically, of Vesuvius; intellectually, of Bloomingdale; racially, of Pictou, N. S.; artistically, of Asbury Park.



The Grasshopper: I'VE HEARD FOLKS TALK A LOT OF THE PLEASURE OF HOLDING ONE'S SWEETHEART ON THEIR KNEE, BUT FOR MY PART I DON'T THINK MUCH OF IT.



#### CONFIDENCES.

"I DON'T THINK HE AND I ARE SUITED FOR EACH OTHER."

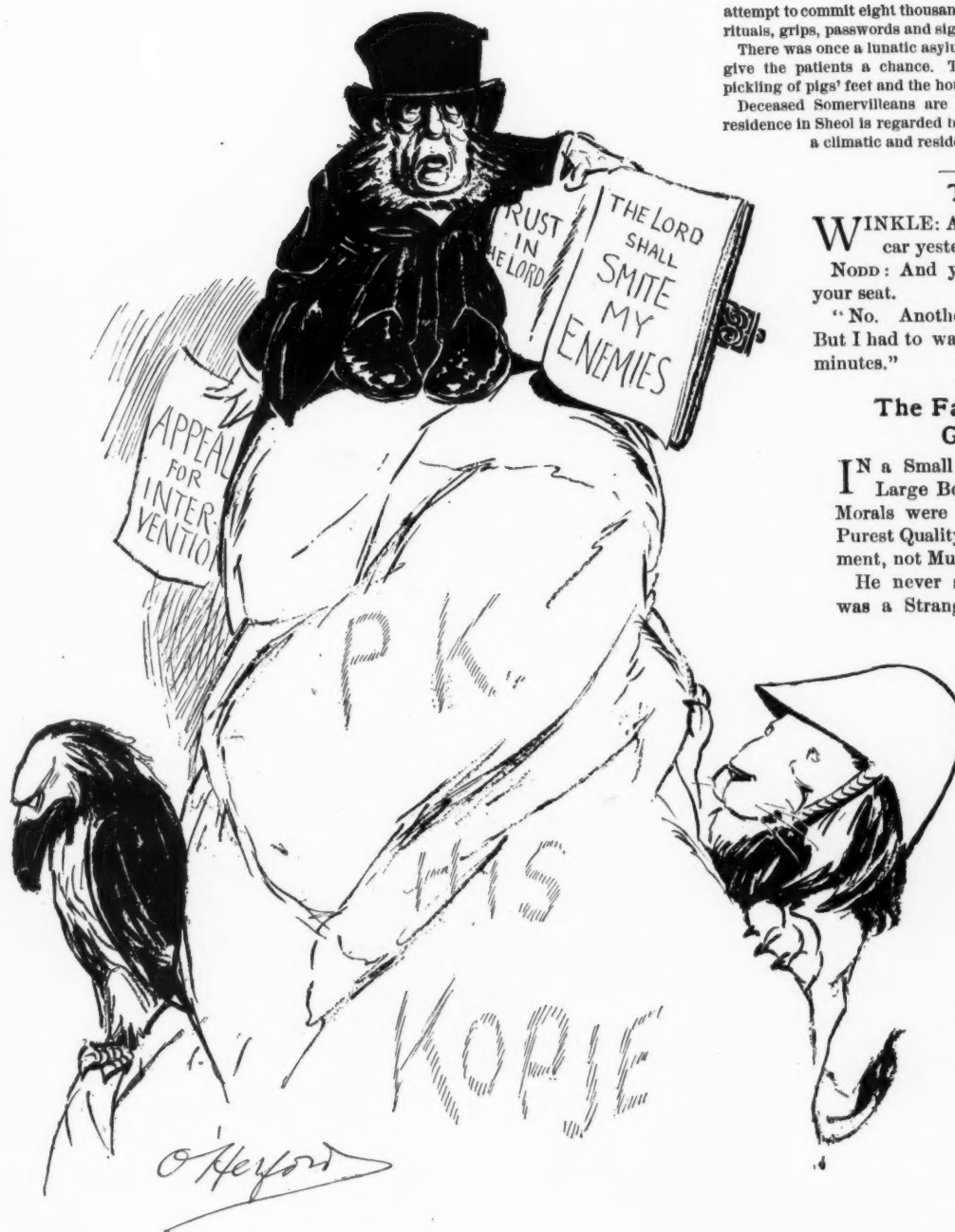
"HOW SO?"

"SOMETIMES HE SHOWS EVIDENCE OF HAVING A MIND OF HIS OWN."

Actually, it is a poor relation, a shoddy connection of Boston and Cambridge, combining the dullness and crankiness of both, lacking the alcohol of one and the culture of the other.

Its streets are solitary and careworn on week days; on Sundays its population goes in for sulphurous sermons and eternal vigilance for the Pope of Rome, who is hourly expected to enter the city surreptitiously and sack it. Its police force is discouraged and shopworn, lacking the fat of Boston, the insolence of New York, and the truculence of Chicago. No liquor saloons exist in this Arcadia; sudden death, delirium tremens and drunkards' graves effervesce only in drug stores, where jag mixtures are dispensed to Harveyized stomachs, which range in vigor and bouquet from ratbane to wood alcohol.

Secret societies flourish in Somerville riotously; there are eight thousand nine hundred and sixty-seven lodges there, and the prevailing imbecility is the result of an



HEDGING.

"With one arm he supported his fair burden, and with the other he shrieked for aid."

**MR. HERFORD** insists upon the publication of this sketch. It is not Mr. Herford's fault that he is an Englishman, and consequently he is not to blame for sympathizing with the wrong people in South Africa. Out of pure affection for our friend, we publish his nefarious idea.

Editor of LIFE.

attempt to commit eight thousand nine hundred and sixty-seven rituals, grips, passwords and signs to memory.

There was once a lunatic asylum there, but it was removed to give the patients a chance. The only industries left are the pickling of pigs' feet and the housing of Boston editors.

Deceased Somervilleans are sent to Fiddler's Green, as a residence in Sheol is regarded by them as a social advance and a climatic and residential improvement.

*Risible.*

Tedious.

**WINKLE:** As I was sitting in a crowded car yesterday an old lady entered.

**NODD:** And you got up and gave her your seat.

"No. Another man got ahead of me. But I had to wait for him for nearly five minutes."

The Fable of One Who Grew Wise.

**I**N a Small City, there once lived a Large Boy named Alphonse, whose Morals were of Great Dimensions and Purest Quality, but as to his Good Judgment, not Much.

He never said Naughty Words and was a Stranger to Vile Tobacco and Bad Rum

His Friends of course Pitied him but they might have Stood for It, until he began to Preach what he Practised, making Side Remarks when Somebody said D—n, or What wil you Have?

After that, it was All up with Alphonse's Social Career. His Acquaintances dropped off like faded Rose Leaves in a Hurricane.

With unlooked-for Sagacity, Alphonse divined the Reason for his Aloneness, and soon became a hardened Johnny-about-Town, smoking Egyptian cigarettes made in Connecticut and drinking Poussé Cafés by the layer.

Finally one night at the Club he proposed a toast, "Here's to our Wives and our Sweethearts, May they never meet," and that being the Limit, he was unanimously voted one Good Fellow.

Moral. Be Good and you'll be Lonesome.



THE HORSE, THE DOG AND THE MAN.

THE horse and the dog had tamed a man and fastened him to a fence:  
Said the horse to the dog: "For the life of me, I don't see a bit of sense  
In letting him have the thumbs that grow at the sides of his hands, do you?"  
And the dog looked solemn and shook his head and said: "I'm a goat if I do."

The poor man groaned and tried to get loose and sadly he begged them: "Stay!  
You will rob me of things for which I have use by cutting my thumbs away!  
You will spoil my looks, you will cause me pain! Ah, why should you treat me so?  
As I am God made me, and He knows best! Oh, masters, pray let me go!"

The dog laughed out and the horse replied: "Oh, the cutting won't hurt! You see  
We'll have a hot iron to clap right on, as you did in your docking of me!  
God gave you your thumbs and all, but still the Creator, you know, may fail  
To do the artistic thing, as he did in furnishing me with a tail!"

So they bound the man and cut off his thumbs and were deaf to his pitiful cries,  
And they seared the stumps and they viewed their work through happy and dazzled eyes:  
"How trim he appears," the horse exclaimed, "since his awkward thumbs are gone!"

For the life of me I cannot see why the Lord ever put them on!"

"Still, it seems to me," the dog replied, "that there's something else to do;  
His ears look rather too long to me, and how do they look to you?"  
The man cried out! "Oh, spare my ears! God fashioned them, as you see,  
And if you apply your knife to them you'll surely disfigure me!"

"But you didn't disfigure me, you know," the dog decisively said,  
"When you bound me fast and trimmed my ears down close to the top of my head!"  
So they let him moan and they let him groan while they cropped his ears away,  
And they praised his looks when they let him up, and proud indeed were they!

But that was years and years ago, in an unenlightened age!  
Such things are ended now, you know; we have reached a higher stage!  
The ears and thumbs God gave to man are his to keep and wear,  
And the cruel horse and dog look on and never appear to care!

—S. E. Kiser in *Chicago Times-Herald*.

A big fine-looking man sat in the corner of a South Side car reading his newspaper. Next to him sat a little woman in an up-to-date frock. She had a box of candy in one hand and

an opera libretto in the other. She tried to get a newspaper from a boy who came through the car, but the conductor broke up the transaction and, seizing the small newsdealer by the slack of the pants, put him down on the pavement. Then the pretty woman in the up-to-date frock paid her fare in pennies, and smiled.

The big man's newspaper was spread out before her eyes, and she glanced at the headlines. Then she read a half column about a thrilling rescue of a typewriter girl by a gallant fireman. She glanced sideways at the big man. Apparently he was taking no notice. She began on a story of burglars in a South Side flat, how they bound and gagged a woman, stole her seal-skin sack, and—

"Oh, oh! the horrid things!" she exclaimed excitedly.

The big man looked around inquiringly, and then, quite as a matter of course, he said:

"Have you finished this page, madam? If so, let us turn to the stock reports and the society news."—*Chicago News*.

STAGE MANAGER—"What! you laugh while you're supposed to be dying?"

ACTOR—Certainly. At the wages you pay, why shouldn't death be greeted with joy?

—*Fliegende Blätter*.

ART CRITIC—That's a magnificent Raphael you have there!

HOST (of Chicago)—Not bad—but you want to see my Murillo, by the same artist.

—*L'Illustration*.

For sale by all Newsdealers in Great Britain. The International News Company, Bream's Building, Chancery Lane, London, E. C., England, AGENTS.

EUROPEAN AGENTS—Messrs. Brentano, 37 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris.

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ONE PIECE COLLAR BUTTON

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Waists and Children's Dresses.  
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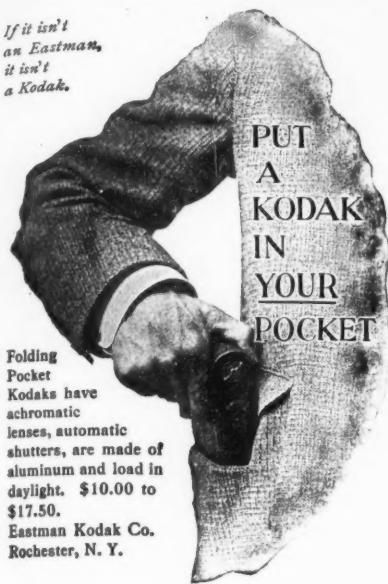
Transparent as crystal. The perfect cleansing properties and absolute purity, as well as the refined and delicate perfume of this toilet soap, have placed it at the apex of all.

SOLD UNIVERSALLY. SAMPLE CASE 15 CENTS.  
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an Eastman,  
it isn't  
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Pocket  
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lenses, automatic  
shutters, are made of  
aluminum and load in  
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for the man who  
likes nobby, hand-  
some furnishings  
and the man who  
demands absolute  
comfort. The  
handiest, best-fit-  
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Best silk elastic in all  
colors, and in the newest  
cross-bar patterns. 25c.  
a pair, at furnishe-  
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The clasp and  
trimmings are per-  
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and almost un-  
breakable. Won't  
bind the leg nor tear  
the stocking. Can  
be adjusted in an  
instant to fit any leg.  
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"1890" "1895" "1900"

**Our increase in em-  
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during the past ten years,  
as compared above, is due  
to our determined efforts  
to "build well and for all  
time," thereby earning for

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Price **\$40**  
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GORMULLY & JEFFERY SALES DEPT.  
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FRENCH GORED - SOLID WHALEBONE  
SOLD BY FIRST-CLASS DEALERS.



"A mild and certain  
leader born to lead."

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### POINTS TO CONSIDER.

A pencil can be a great an-  
noyance, or a comfort. The  
breaking of the lead when  
you are in a hurry, or at any time, is an exasperating experience.  
To have your pencil sharpen to a fine point and wear off in use,  
instead of breaking, is what a pencil should do.

### DIXON'S American Graphite Pencils

are made of finest even grade cedar, with smooth, durable leads.  
Their grades never vary and you will get the maximum use out  
of every one. Ask for them at your dealer's; if not obtainable,  
send 16 cents for samples worth double.

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Patent Scarf Fastener. Use-  
ful also for fastening papers or  
other articles. 10 cents each by  
mail. Hose Supporters that do  
not bind the leg nor injure the  
fabric. By mail, 20 cents the pair.  
Illustrated catalogue of these and  
other novelties free.

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## CHICAGO & NORTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.

AN admirable instance of "cheery stoicism" is found in the letter of a private in the Coldstreams, now lying wounded at Wynberg, describing his experiences in the battle at Modder River: "I happened to find a bit of looking glass. It made a rare bit of fun. As it was passed from comrade to comrade, they said: 'Have a last look at yourself, my boy, and bid yourself good-bye.' Then 'Advance!' and we were at it again."—*Pittsburgh Bulletin*.

#### HAVE IT IN YOUR HOUSE.

With telephone service you can reach everyone you want in a few seconds. It puts the whole organization of a great city at your fingers' ends day and night. It may be had in Manhattan for \$60 a year. New York Telephone Company, 115 West 38th St., 15 Dey St.

WHILE the Connaught Rangers were quartered in Edinburgh there was a great deal of drunkenness and disorder in the regiment, and the Colonel made up his mind that it had to cease. So early one morning parade he ordered an old offender, who had been out all night, to be marched across the regiment's front in his muddy tunic and torn trousers, as an awful warning. When the prisoner arrived at the left flank, he turned to the Colonel, saluted him and said, just as if he had been some swell inspecting them, "Thank ye, Colonel; falth, it's one av the foineest regiments I've ever seen. Ye may dismiss them!"—*Exchange*.

IS BEST for any baby, but after that comes Gall Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk for young infants. Thousands of letters are received telling of its successful use. Book "Babies" sent free. Borden's Condensed Milk Co., N. Y.

"ARE you a Boer sympathizer?" asked one orator.

"No," answered the other.

"Filipino sympathizer?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"Mebbe it's lack of time. I've been reading about police scandals and political feuds and about innumerable poor, benighted people who don't think as I do, and I haven't had time to go off the continent. I'm simply a U. S. A. sympathizer."—*Washington Star*.

WHEN the curtain had fallen on the last act, the multitude mobbed the manager of the show.

"Where," they hoarsely clamored, "is the one continuous laugh which you advertised?"

"Search me!" protested the manager.

"Ah, possibly it is on us!" exclaimed the multitude, starting violently and regarding each other suspiciously, while sickening doubts gnawed at their hearts.

—*Detroit Journal*.

THERE was a time when swearing was almost considered a gentlemanly accomplishment. An Archbishop of Canterbury of the day, however, objected to the habit, and, calling on Lord Melbourne to discuss some business, thus apostrophized him:

"Now, my lord, it will save time if, before we begin, we assume that everybody and everything is damned."

—*Argonaut*.

#### HOTEL VENDOME, BOSTON.

All the attractions of hotel life, with the comforts and privacy of home.

A CROSSING-SWEEPER was trying to get a gratuity from an excessively dandified individual, who, in resisting, urged that he had no change—nothing but a five pound note.

"I can get it changed for yer, sir," said the youngster.

On seeing the dandy hesitate, as if from fear of trusting him with the money, he put in again:

"If yer doubts my honor, hold my broom."—*Tit-Bits*.

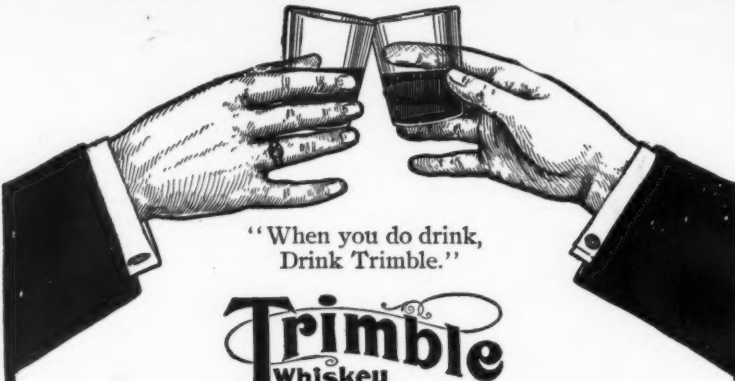
A SURE enough tramp applied at the home of Squire Schwab at Avondale for something to eat. The applicant made a most pathetic plea for food, but the stony heart of the Squire didn't melt. "If you'll chop that ice off the front pavement, I guess we can stake you to a meal." "I'm sorry," said the tramp, "but my specialty is sprinkling lawns."—*Ware*.

THE increase in the sales of Cook's Imperial Extra Dry Champagne is something enormous. Purity and superiority will tell.

SHE was reading over the marriage service. She made it a point always to do this, "for," as she once said, "no matter how well you may have known a part in the past, it always should be rehearsed before a piece is revived." "Till death do us part," she read. Then she stopped to think. "Dear me!" she commenced, "how foolish! Haven't they any confidence in the courts?"—*Chicago Evening Post*.

### THE ART OF DEEP BREATHING

taught on scientific principles by Miss INEZ BROOK. Studio: 305 Fifth Avenue. Consulting hours: 11 to 12 and 5 to 6.



"When you do drink,  
Drink Trimble."

## Trimble

Whiskey  
Green Label.

You no doubt are familiar with the name; convince yourself as to its superior quality and bouquet by asking for it.

We guarantee that it is a pure, unadulterated Rye, 10 years old, aged by time, not artificially.

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IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.


*The Pedestrian :* I WAS KNOCKED DOWN BY THIS BICYCLIST WHILE CROSSING THE STREET.  
*The Policeman :* VERY WELL, BUT FIRST SHOW ME YOUR PERMIT TO BE GOING ABOUT AFOOT.

—Journal Amusant.





Perplexed Waiter to Expectant Customer: ARE YOU A MUTTON CHOP OR A BOILED COD, SIR?—Moonshine.



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All dishes, such as soups, fish, meats, gravy, game, salads etc. are doubly appetizing and digestible when flavored with—Lea & Perrins' sauce.

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— Medical Press (London), Aug. 1899.

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Pimples almost everywhere,  
But when R.I.P.A.N.S. are obtained  
Clear complexion soon is gained.

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man of taste?**

If you are you will  
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## Evans' Ale

with its rich, nutty  
flavor, sparkling bril-  
liancy, creamy head,  
and absence of all sedi-  
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You can get it wherever you  
are, whenever you want it.



The perfection in bicycle con-  
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wheel has been so widely ac-  
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CRESCENT VALUE is in-  
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CRESCENT PRICES are  
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A deliciously seasoned beef drink.  
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